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March
1905

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The Isle of Dreams.



The isle of my dreams has a castle fair,
O'erlooking a sunlit sea.
And the rippling breezes murmur there
In slumb'ring ecstasy.

The soft wind blows o'er my isle of dreams,
And under its tinted skies
The wing of the sea-bird flapping gleams,
And the swallow circling flies.

Nor alone in their beauty are skies sublime,
And nature in garlands arrayed,
A beautiful maiden with eyes divine,
Rules o'er my sequestered glade.

The din of the world is left far away,
And its sordid strife forgot,
While happiness here like a dream of Cathay
With bliss unalloyed is our lot.

My lamp burns dim at the midnight hour,
The mist of my dream floats by,
And only a vision sweet as a flower
Speaks of my voyage to the sky.



Volume I.

March 23, 1905.

Number 7

BOARD OF EDITORS.

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Address all business communications to J. H. Wolfe, 87 Market Street, Bethlehem, Penna.

Copy for change of advertisements must be in the hands of the business manager by the first of the month.

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Editorial.

BEFORE the next BURR appears a new Board of Editors will be elected; the election will take place April 1. As stated in the last BURR, there will be six vacancies to fill. Of late there has been a great increase in the number of men writing for THE BURR. However, there are several men who have not handed in the required number of articles to make them eligible to election, and these men, as well as others who have some literary ability, are asked to have at least three articles in by April 1.

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THIS seems to be the proper time for the retiring Editors to say "goodbye" and "thank you" to BURR subscribers and contributors, for it is the last number the present Board will get out.

In our first issue we said, "There is now much literary, artistic, and humor-

THE LEHIGH BURR.

ous ability in College, and a paper of the character THE BURR proposes to be offers an excellent opportunity for its development." Possibly the readers of THE BURR realize as well as its Editors do that we have not been able to get at *all* of this ability during our first year of existence, and that even now the paper is not nearly what it should be. But the fact remains that this ability is present in College, and we have been able in a small measure to help it develop.

We have had a great many obstacles to overcome during our first year, but we can honestly say that THE BURR is at present in a fairly prosperous condition; that more men are writing for it; that the character of the contributions is better than it was at first, and that more interest is being taken in it generally.

But understand, we are not "patting ourselves on the back." We have, on account of inexperience, etc., committed many blunders—and been excused for them by our friends. We have received more encouragement than we ever hoped for. Our only cause of satisfaction is that we have demonstrated the fact that THE BURR has some excuse for existence.

* * * * *

WE heard with a great deal of pleasure of the establishment of a Lehigh Alumni paper by the Alumni Club of Philadelphia. There are many difficulties in the way to run a regular Alumni column in any paper published by undergraduates. THE BURR has found this out by experience, and we think The Brown and White also has had trouble in doing it.

The start made by the Philadelphia Alumni should be heartily encouraged by all Alumni and undergraduates. We hope their "when the Editors can get it out" will soon be changed, so that Lehigh Alumni will be able to boast of a regular publication that stands among the first.

* * * * *

WEDNESDAY, Thursday, and Friday, April 12, 13 and 14, the Lenten Festival of the Bach Cycle will be given in the Moravian Church, Bethlehem, Penna. An excellent program has been arranged, and with Prof. Wolle as leader the rendition should be as nearly perfect as possible. This festival should be greatly patronized by students and townspeople, for Bach music is one of the things that has placed Bethlehem, with its quaint customs and reputation, where it is.

* * * * *

NOT much has been heard from The Epitome during the past month. The Board has been working hard to get the matter on hand into shape, and the beginning of the end is in sight. However, it has been embarrassed by a lack of sketches. Saturday, April 1, is the very latest date on which sketches for The Epitome will be accepted. Those wishing to know what sketches are needed can find out from the Editor-in-Chief, Gilmore, '06.

The Senior Class Book Committee has also been hard at work. The members of the Senior Class are asked to get busy on literary (?) work. The Class Book Committee does not have to be as careful about what it publishes as THE BURR Board does, and this may possibly be some incentive to those who can write but are holding back, trying to think of a suitable subject.

THE LEHIGH BULL.

AT THE Gymnasium exhibition between Rutgers and Lehigh on Saturday night we were very much pleased at the improvement in the behavior of the rooters. We think we were proved right in our view of the matter—that the unpleasantness that came up at a few of the recent games was caused, not by any real fault in the men, but by a little bit of thoughtlessness. The applause Saturday night was gentlemanly and dignified in every particular.

Apropos of the exhibition, we might say that Lehigh has been represented by a team this year that was first class in every particular. And since most of the men will be back next year a successful season can again be looked forward to.

+ + + + +

THE Lehigh Press Club was successfully organized two weeks ago, and in a short time will be on a sound working basis. The constitution of this Club was published in The Brown and White and should be read by every Lehigh man. There seems to be no doubt that, if this Press Club is run properly, it will be one of the most powerful institutions we have here. Not only will it advertise the College in a most effective manner, but it will also do more toward building up "College spirit" than anything short of dormitories.

But to run it properly, first of all interest must be taken in it by the majority of the men in College. Men who are writing for the different papers must be made to feel that we all realize what good work they are doing for the advancement of Lehigh. A spirit or sentiment must be gotten up among the reporters themselves, which will in a short time do away with any need of censorship. Each man should be made to feel that he himself is almost as competent a censor, as those who are appointed to that position. Of course, there will be times when the advice of captains, or managers, or coaches must be sought, but that will soon take care of itself.



The Untouched.

THE Civil and the Chemist were holding sweet and sympathetic converse.

"It was a re. and three math. quizzes ago," sighed the Civil.

"Ah yes," assented the Chemist, "and how beautiful she was; as beautiful—yes, as beautiful as a rack full of clean test-tubes."

"But so fickle! You recollect how I wailed about her, how in my devotion for her I flunked all but four hours of my second term freshman work; and yet she avoided me as if I was a calculus exam."

"In truth she was as uncertain as the salts of magnesium; but tell me once again of the night when you last called upon her."

"Ah that fatal evening," cried the Civil, "well I remember it! The soft effulgence of the Summer moon! The gentle hush of the country only emphasized by the chirping of the katydids! but, above all, the sweet presence of the girl I loved! We were seated in the dark shadow of the piazza."

"How brave of you to come after what Pa said last night," she cooed. I admitted that I was brave. "He swore terribly when you were gone!" I had thought that he had reached the utmost of his powers before that, and hinted as much. Her silvery laughter drove my heart into my boots. Her father was sleeping in the parlor not ten feet from where we sat.

"Gradually, however, I gained courage. Every witty sally of mine called fourth a gale of laughter and encouragement. It was not wont to be thus, and my spirits rose. To greater and greater heights I soared, forgetting everything—forgetting even her terrible father snoring peacefully within a few feet of us. I was telling her an original joke, I remember—how to find the length of time to Xmas—find the logarithmic cotangent of mass and solve

for X. It was a jest so unusually rich that I could not help giving way somewhat to its irresistible humor. I gave myself up to an abandonment of mirth and laughed loud and long.

"Suddenly I felt that all was not well. Terror seized me and I became still. Have you ever observed the sudden hush which falls upon the drawing room when Mr. Their commands silence? There was the same boding stillness in the air but even more awful. The old gentleman had ceased snoring.

* * *

"As I extricated myself from the thorny hedge across the street, my first thought, though I was badly damaged, was not of myself. My carelessness has brought trouble upon one who was very dear to me. For my sake she had braved her brute of a father. Even now she might be suffering for no other fault than her love for me.

"I took my resolution in both hands, and, in the extremity of pain and—well, hesitation—again approached the house. My worst fears were realized. I could hear the angry bellow of the father, and, above it, the voice of my lady raised in the extremity of pain or fear. A bold idea flashed upon me. I would fling open the window and shout 'Fire!' In the confusion that would follow I would seize my lady and escape. I would bear her to the home of my aunt in Norristown and there keep her concealed until her father should consent to our marriage.

"I rushed forward and laid my hand upon the blind, but was transfixed to the spot by what I heard. Continually interrupted by her father's shouts of laughter and her own peals of merriment, I heard the daughter speaking.

"'I thought you never would wake up,'

I heard her saying. 'He made noise enough to wake the dead, and you went on snoring and snoring. Oh, I was so afraid he would get away without waking you, and I knew you enjoyed kicking him out so much in spite of the way you swore. You do swear so splendidly when you are angry, you delightful, terrible old dear. And to think you

should give me credit for no better taste than to care for that fresh little puppy!'

"I abandoned the thought of rescuing her. She was not worth it. In order to save herself from her father's anger, she had adopted this subterfuge and denied her love for me. I limped away into the darkness, and have nobly kept the vow I swore, never to speak to her or go to her house again."

Childhood.



HE: "A ring around the moon means rain."

SHE (pensively): "And a ring around a woman's finger—?"

HE (sadly): "Means reign!"

* * *

LITTLE WILLIE: "Popper, why do they call that thing Miss Schreecher is practicing a musical scale?"

POPPER (absently): "Because it weighs on everybody's mind, I suppose."

Among the silvered hills of long ago
But still within the reach of Memory's hand
In sweet repose and almost hallowed awe,
The mental eye sees gentle childhood's land.

That was the time of happiness serene,
Of trust, of faith, of simple joys untold.
Those joys since then our life has never seen,
The world is not as it has been of old.

That was the time when God in his great Word
And Nature's scenes, the birds, the clouds,
the trees,
The self same story told and nothing stirred
Within our hearts a doubt concerning these.

When we had lisped our little earnest prayer
Beside dear mother's knee and each was soon
Within his tiny cot, no thought of care
Had power to mar sweet childhood's greatest boon.

That innocence is gone for you and me,
But since in memory we hold it still our
own,
Now when we dream of what a Heaven must
be
Our fancy makes it like our childhood
home.



Twilight Reverie.

THE sun sinks low from wintry sky,
The lights of man appear ;
On every side the town's gay tide
Sweeps by all life and cheer.

Dreaming, I sit at the window,
While throngs go by outside,
And sights and sounds and voices call
To join the merry tide.

But tomorrow I shall see her,
And that thought rules my brain,
Fills it with pleasant fantasies,
While past scenes rise again.

And I sit here in the gloaming,
Lost to the passing cries,
Snatches of song with the laughter,
Dreaming of dark brown eyes,

Whose light has ever been with me
All through the livelong day,
In all my joy and my sorrow,
In all my work and my play.

Waiting, and musing, and dreaming,
Many a sweet surmise ;
Sudden the thought,—am I worthy
To look into those eyes ?

One Way.

THE man and the girl were invisible to each other. After a day's fishing on the Canadian lake where her family summered they were returning much later than the requirements of good society allow. Whether father and mother were awaiting them on the verandah she did not know, or care. Old Sol had given it up as a bad job and had dropped his weary head into the sheet of gold which the Indians call Lake Tembac. Until the canoe should round Pickerel Point the lights of the house could not be seen, so the girl in the bow nestled lower into the pillows, and listened, half enchanted, to the steady dip of the man's paddle, and the sounds of wood and water with which nature lulls to sleep the weary sojourner in her wildest haunts.

The rippling of the paddle ceased. The dark shore stopped slipping by. All was quiet. "Jack," said the girl, "are you tired? If so, I will take your paddle."

"No, thank you, Maud," murmured the brawny scion of the Hudson Knickerbockers, "I'm just resting." The last was spoken in a voice indicative of the last stages of exhaustion and despair, had the listener cared to analyze the intonation. A minute elapsed; the silence became oppressive.

"How many bass have we, Jack?" was the next remark, intended to awaken fresh energy

in the herculean frame of the gloomy swain.

"I don't know."

"Well, you are practically certain of the West Woods Cup, with that six-pounder, aren't you? It was a splendid fight. Forty-six minutes, by my watch."

Mute silence from the stern.

"Jack Trevor, are you dead? What more do you want to make this a perfect day in your fishing annals?"

"You, Maud, you!" came the answer back with a quiver of fierce energy which caused the ripples to widen about the canvas shell. "Give me one hope, and I —"

"That will do. Your second request is unnecessary. I can see no possible objection to granting the first one. We are now in sight of the house, and as I see a card-party in progress on the verandah I suppose father's friends have arrived, and that the game will probably continue for an hour or more. I think you have been guilty of wasting valuable time since we started this morning. If you feel equal to the task, we might paddle around Brant Island in place of going home to play whist with Mr. Biltrock and the rest."

The girl, looking up at the stars, saw the chair of Cassiopeia turn through a half-circle, and the subsequent gurgle under the bow bore witness to the new life that was awakening in Jack Trevor.



There was a young man of Lehigh,
Who said of his work with a sigh,
I see to my sorrow
Three quizzes tomorrow,
But that's called a pipe at Lehigh.

There once was a happy E. E.,
Who said you can easily see,
As he touched, to his pain,
A thousand volt main,
This Course is too shocking for me.

The Same Old Question.

"HELLO Jimmy," said my chum as he rushed into my room, "There's something doing at Rennig's tonight. Come on down."

"Sorry Hunk. Can't do it. Quiz in Astronomy tomorrow. Have to burn the oil tonight."

"What! You don't mean to say they've got you Civils working!"

"Come off. You're a back number. Seen the new Register? They're forcing Metallurgy, Geology and Steam Engines down our throats in one dose now. You Mechanicals have a pipe."

"You talk like a man up a tree. You don't know what work is. Take Dynamos and Motors, Engineering Lab. and some other little things, and then you'll find out."

"They're a cinch. We don't finish with the Math. department till first term Senior and are lucky to get through then."

"How about French?"

"What good will that ever do you?"
Where do you come in for Roofs and Bridges?"

"Alternating Currents is worse."

"How about Mineralogy?"

"Thermodynamics——"

"Electric Railways——"

"Kinematics of Machinery——"

"Cut it out; you know the Mechanicals have a snap. Besides I can't dig into this Astronomy now, thanks to you're pigheadedness."

"Hard luck, old man. But confess that the Civils have the easiest time. Better come on down to Rennig's now. It will clear your brain."

"I don't know but that it would be a good idea."

"Done! And we'll pledge the two extremes."

"What do you mean?"

"The Classicals and the Miners."

The First Run.

THERE'S a land just over the mountains

Where the sunlit Raritan flows,
Where the men who love the Limerick hook
Are dreaming over a pipe and book
Till the April west wind blows.

When the ice has fled the river,
And the robin's song is heard,
They'll overhaul their dusty creels
And clean the gear of Kentucky reels
That sing like a humming-bird.

There men will spend their shekels
For gut and braided silk,
And patch the canvas fishing-coat
That carries swivels, sinkers, float,
And the flask of—malted milk.

When the sun-kissed meadows turn to green,
And trees show buds and shoots,
The garrets will yield up duck canoes
And heavy, hob-nailed fishing-shoes
Or a pair of wading-boots.

And on some warm Spring morning,
When the perch begin to run,
The lazy moccasin in the grass
Will glide away as the footsteps pass,
For the season has begun.

May I be there to join them
As they pass in a merry throng,
Where the swift, bright water ripples by
And the grey barn-swallows circle high;
Four weeks—it won't be long.



SAID earnest teacher Grau to tardy Herm:
"The early bird will always catch the worm."
"Ach yah," said Herm, "da have you right
I know,
Aber doch dat early Vurm gets caught,also."

To the Math. Bulletin Boards.

Ye frowning boxes, heartless, heedless there;
If ye had hearts what mem'ries would be
yours!

For ye have seen the triumph and despair
Of many a class which entered these grim
doors.

Two hundred strong, eager, expectant, keen
To meet their work, fearless and hopeful
they,

Who thought, each one, to struggle and to
win

The goal which crowns this long and toil-
some way.

They came, they strove, on you their fate
appeared,

They read, their tense expectant faces showed,
If what they saw was what they hoped or
feared.

If what they reaped was but what they had
sowed.

Most fell, a bare four score survived the fight.
And while these few like shadows dim must
pass!

Ye heartless boards shall reckon wrong from
right

And blazon fate to many an unborn class.



"Being in college and being in love, some fellows are more in love than they are in College—is all the same thing. That is, all fellows who are in love are not necessarily in College, but show me the man who *is* in College and *is not* in love and I will point you out a grind—genus greasy." Thus spake the College philosopher as he finished writing a ten page letter to—somebody, and set his alarm-clock for five-thirty.

I Wonder Why.

What's the use of kicking if the math. is
long and hard?

What's the use of kicking if the Prof's un-
justly barred

You from a zam. or gave a zip for what
all knew was right?

What's the use of kicking when you've
flunked a simple quiz,

Though you've worked till almost daybreak
with a fiendish might?

There is no use of kicking if you're a
Lehigh man.

The only way's to take your dose and do
the best you can.



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